

# DOLL MAN

QUALITY  
COMIC  
PUBLICATION

I.C.D.  
8

THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MITE

*And*

THE PROPHET  
OF DOOM!

10¢

AUGUST

No. 35



4

COMPLETE

ADVENTURES



WISDOM  
OF THE  
AGES





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





BUD, COULD I GET A WRIST WATCH THE SAME EASY WAY YOU GOT THAT AIR RIFLE



YOU SURE CAN SIS, ALSO ROLLS BICYCLES AND MANY OTHER THINGS, JUST MAIL COUPON TO START, LIKE I DID

AND SIS MAILED IN THE COUPON AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS PAGE

LOOK, BUD - WILSON SENT WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE AND EVERYTHING. I DIDN'T HAVE TO SEND A PENNY NOW I'LL GET MY WRISTWATCH



YOU'LL SELL THEM FAST!

THANKS, SIS, THIS IS A WONDERFUL ART PICTURE THAT YOU'RE GIVING ME WITH THIS FINE SALVE



YES! GIVING THE PICTURES MADE IT FUN TO SELL ALL I NEED FOR MY WATCH

IT SURE IS - I'M GOING TO GET A BIKE NEXT



LOOK AT MY NEW WATCH ISN'T IT LOVELY

VALUABLE PREMIUMS

GIVEN

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PREMIUMS

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ACT NOW!



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BICYCLES (boys-girls), Coaster Wagons (sent express charges collect), Flashlights, School Boxes (sent postage paid). Easy fun to get 'em. NO MONEY NOW. We send art pictures, salve, catalog on trust to start. Write today!

WILSON CHEMICAL COMPANY  
Dept. 108-CF, Tyrone, Pa.



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MAIL THIS COUPON  
SEND NO MONEY NOW  
WE TRUST YOU

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 108-CF, Tyrone, Pa. Date

Questions—Please send me an trial 15 colored art pictures with 15 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25¢ a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 10 days, except a Premium or Cash Commission as fully explained in the Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start

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St. or R. R. \_\_\_\_\_ Box \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE (AREA) \_\_\_\_\_

PASTE COUPON ON POSTAL CARD OR MAIL IN ENVELOPE TODAY



# DOLL MAN

WHEN YOUNG SCIENTIST  
DARREL DANE EXERTS HIS  
PHENOMENAL WILL  
POWER HE BECOMES  
**DOLL MAN**  
THE TINY, DYNAMIC  
MITE WHO WITH THE AID  
OF HIS WONDER DOG,  
**ELMO**, IS THE NEMESIS  
OF EVERY EVIL-DOER!



THE HEARTS OF MEN QUIVERED WITH FEAR WHEN THE SEPULCHRAL VOICE OF THE  
**PROPHET OF DOOM** RANG OUT! AND DISASTER FOLLOWED CLOSE UPON  
THE DIRE PREDICTION! ONLY THE **DOLL MAN** SAW REASON TO DOUBT THE  
TERRIBLE SEER --- AND IN HIS SEARCH FOR THE REAL TRUTH  
STOOD READY TO RISK SUDDEN EXTINCTION!



# DOLL MAN

ON A RESEARCH FOUNDATION WHERE DARREL DANE HAS COME TO CONDUCT SOME EXPERIMENTS...

COME IN AND MEET HECTOR HALLEY, DANE! HE'S THE FOREMOST PHYSICIST IN HIS FIELD!

WHAT FIELD IS THAT, SIR?

THE PRODUCTION OF CONDITIONS THAT RESEMBLE VARIOUS NATURAL PHENOMENA! FOR INSTANCE, HALLEY'S DONE MARVELOUS WORK IN RAIN-MAKING OVER DROUGHT AREAS!

THAT'S INTERESTING!

HALLEY, MEET DARREL DANE! HE'LL BE USING THE LAB NEXT TO YOURS FOR AWHILE!

HMM! FINE!

NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME... I'M KIND OF BUSY!

OF COURSE!

POOR CHAP SEEMS AWFULLY OUT OF SORTS! HE'S BEEN THAT WAY A LOT, LATELY!

PROBABLY ABSORBED IN SOME PROBLEM! YOU CAN'T EXPECT A BUSY SCIENTIST TO TAKE KINDLY TO EVERY INTERRUPTION!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

GR-RR!

HUSH, ELMO! I NEVER DID FIND OUT WHETHER IT'S ALL RIGHT TO HAVE A DOG IN THE LAB! JUST IN CASE IT ISN'T, DON'T GIVE US AWAY!

LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'RE GROWLING AT! SAY, I CAN'T SAY MUCH FOR YOUR TASTE IN WOMEN! THAT LADY MIGHT RATE A WOLF CALL BUT NEVER A GROWL!

GRRRR!



# DOLL MAN



Q4 DARREL WORKS LATE INTO THE NIGHT...





# DOLL MAN





# DOLL MAN







WEEKS GO BY! THEN IN A SMALL TOWN NOT FAR FROM WHERE DARREL DANE IS DOING HIS WORK...





Once AS DARREL DANE RELAXES BY HIS RADIO...

STAND BY FOR A NEWS BULLETIN! A FANTASTIC STORY HAS JUST COME IN FROM BARVILLE WHERE A WHOLESALE EVACUATION OF THE TOWN IS UNDER WAY FOLLOWING A PREDICTION BY A STRANGE CHARACTER CALLED **THE PROPHET OF DOOM!**



# DOLL MAN

REFUGEES FROM BARVILLE INSIST THAT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO DOUBT THE PREDICTION OF **THE PROPHET OF DOOM** THAT A METEORITE WILL STRIKE THE TOWN TONIGHT!



IT SEEMS THAT THE **PROPHET OF DOOM** LOOKS MUCH LIKE A BIBLICAL PROPHET AND SPOKE WITH A CONVICTION THAT CARRIED OVER TO EACH AND EVERY ONE OF HIS LISTENERS!

A METEORITE! THERE HASN'T BEEN A CHANCE TO WATCH ONE STRIKE IN YEARS!



IF IT'S REALLY GOING TO STRIKE I'D LIKE TO BE THERE TO MAKE SCIENTIFIC OBSERVATIONS! IF IT ISN'T THERE'S A CHANCE THE **DOLL MAN** SHOULD BE THERE TO CHECK ON WHATEVER **THE PROPHET OF DOOM** IS UP TO! IN ANY CASE I THINK IT WOULD BE WELL TO VISIT BARVILLE AS **THE DOLL MAN**!



That NIGHT...

THE TOWN'S DESERTED ALL RIGHT! THE SILENCE IS COMPLETE! WELL, WE'LL WALK AROUND THE STREETS AND LOOK AROUND, ELMO! THAT'S RIGHT, OLD BOY, I WOULDN'T BE SUGGESTING IT IF I REALLY BELIEVED A METEORITE WAS GOING TO HIT!



SOMETHING WRONG, ELMO? YOU ACT AS IF YOU HEAR SOMETHING I CAN'T HEAR!

YI-I-I!



GREAT SCOTT! THE METEORITE!







WHEW! LUCKY SOMEBODY LEFT THIS PILE OF CUT GRASS HERE SO HE COULD GET OUT OF HERE IN A HURRY! IT SAVED US BOTH FROM GETTING SMASHED UP, ELMO!



HALP! I'VE BEEN A FOOL! I DIDN'T BELIEVE THE PREDICTION OF **THE PROPHET OF DOOM!** NOW I'VE SEEN IT COME TRUE WITH MY OWN EYES! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

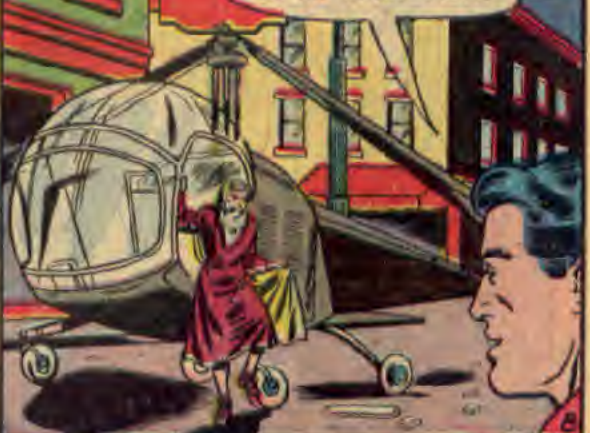


HMM! BETTER LATE THAN NEVER! WELL, NOW TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE METEORITE!

THE CRATER ISN'T LARGE! IT DID QUITE A BIT OF DAMAGE WHERE IT HIT BUT NOT OVER MUCH OF AN AREA!



THAT FELLOW ANSWERS THE DESCRIPTION OF **THE PROPHET OF DOOM!** I WONDER IF HE MERELY CAME TO CHECK ON THE FULFILLMENT OF HIS PREDICTION!











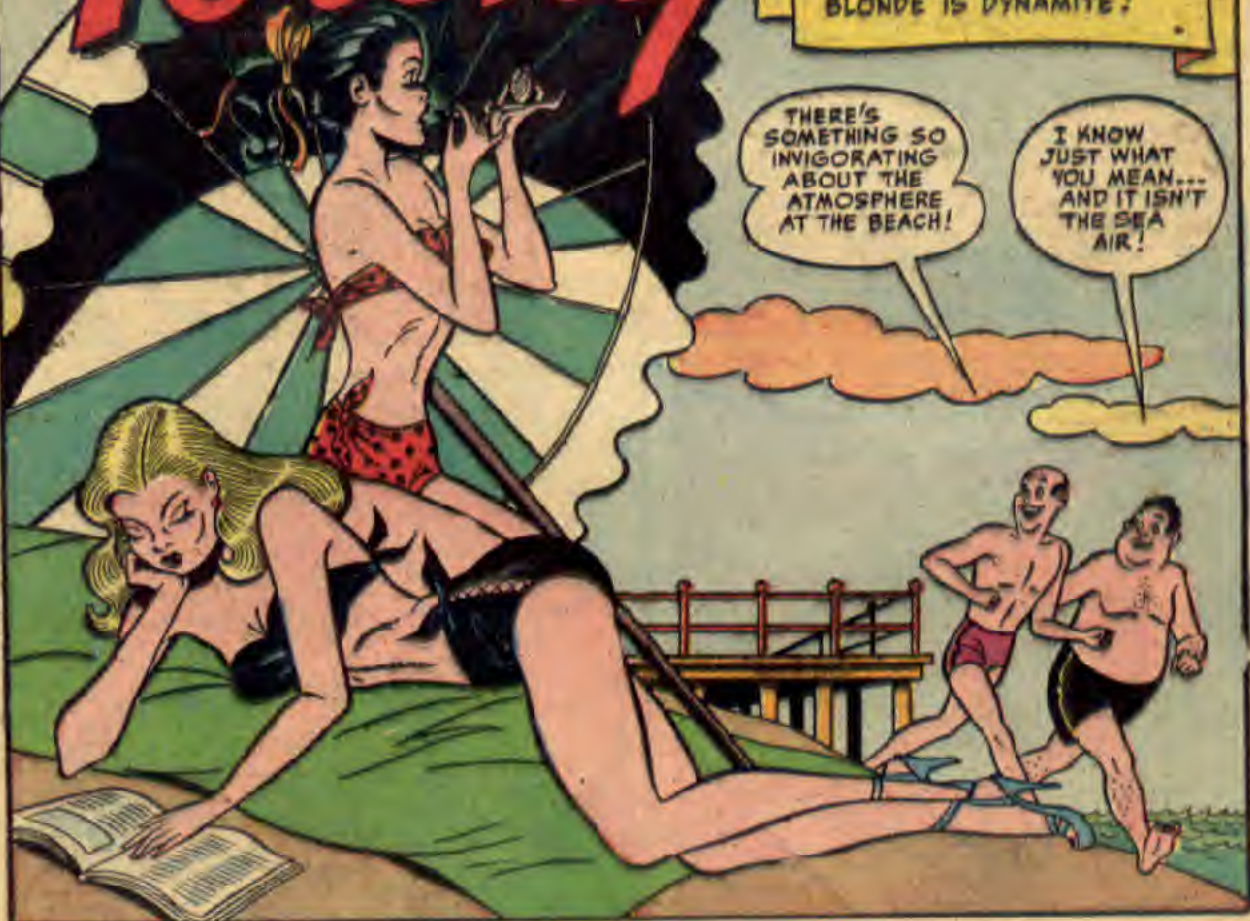


# Torchy

MEET THE SIZZLING TORCHY TODD! HERE'S THE GAL WHO CAN RAISE THE TEMPERATURE OF AN ICE CUBE! LET'S FACE IT...THIS INCENDIARY BLONDE IS DYNAMITE!

THERE'S SOMETHING SO INVIGORATING ABOUT THE ATMOSPHERE AT THE BEACH!

I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU MEAN... AND IT ISN'T THE SEA AIR!



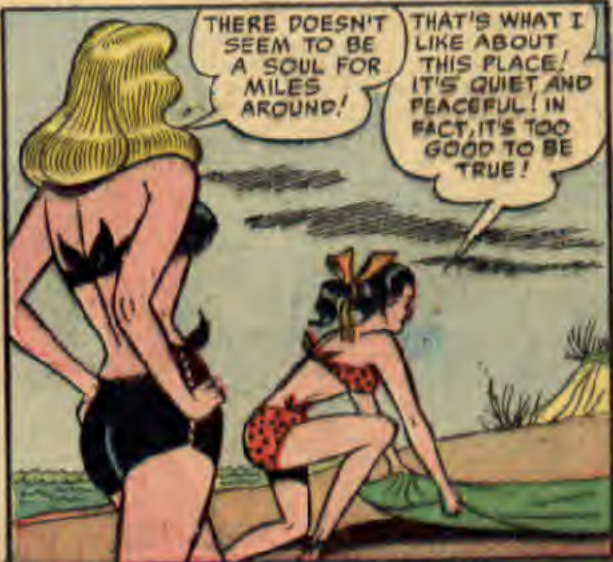
TORCHY, THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL! LET'S PARK HERE!

THIS IS A PERFECT SPOT, TESS!



THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE A SOUL FOR MILES AROUND!

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THIS PLACE! IT'S QUIET AND PEACEFUL! IN FACT, IT'S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!







I JUST KNEW IT COULDN'T LAST!

MAYBE THEY'RE JUST PASSING! MAYBE THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY SOMEWHERE!



ONCE THEY CATCH A GLIMPSE OF YOU, TORCHY, THEY DON'T FEEL LIKE GOING ANYPLACE ELSE!



GOSH, TESS! YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S GETTING AWFULLY CONGESTED AROUND HERE!

THESE BOYS SEEM DETERMINED TO ESTABLISH A BEACHHEAD!



IF I DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THEM, MAYBE THEY'LL GO AWAY!



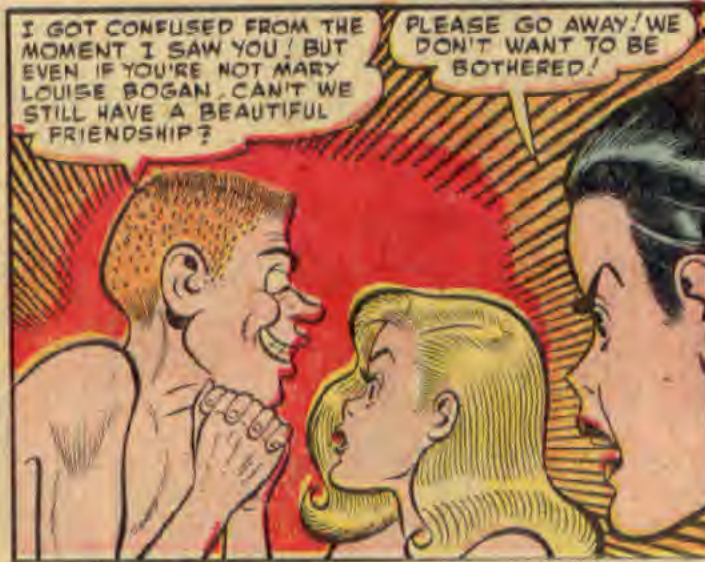
ARE YOU KIDDING? THAT SEEMS TO FASCINATE THEM MORE!

OH, GOLLY! WHAT'LL WE DO, TESS?



PARDON ME, BUT AREN'T YOU MARY LOUISE BOGAN FROM CINCINNATI?

YOU MUST HAVE ME CONFUSED WITH SOMEONE ELSE!



I GOT CONFUSED FROM THE MOMENT I SAW YOU! BUT EVEN IF YOU'RE NOT MARY LOUISE BOGAN, CAN'T WE STILL HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP?

PLEASE GO AWAY! WE DON'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED!



DOLL MAN



I'M GLAD YOU THINK SO! THAT'S A VERY GOOD BEGINNING!

A GOOD BEGINNING FOR WHAT?













# Doll Man

A PIN PIERCES A CRUDE IMAGE  
AND A MAN IS MARKED FOR  
IMMEDIATE DESTRUCTION! BUT  
DOLL MAN, DIMINUTIVE DYNAMO  
OF LAW AND ORDER, IS  
DETERMINED TO STOP THIS EVIL  
SORCERY! IN SO DOING, HE  
MARKS HIMSELF FOR ---  
**VOODOO VENGEANCE!**





# DOLL MAN

VARREL DANE BEGINS TO  
CONCENTRATE HIS MIGHTY  
POWERS OF WILL ---

...AND BECOMES THE DOLL MAN!









# DOLL MAN

And THE FOLLOWING DAY...

AS YOU SAY, DOLL MAN! I'LL ARRANGE FOR IT RIGHT AWAY! BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND.

I'M GOING TO TRY TO PICK UP THEIR TRAIL! WHEN I DO I'LL BE ABLE TO TELL YOU WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! GOOD-BYE, MR. GRAYSTON!

THEY SEEM TO HAVE VANISHED COMPLETELY, ELMO! I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO LOOK NEXT!

YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT THAT CAR! WAIT A MINUTE... IT'S THE GETAWAY CAR!

ARF!





DOLL MAN













# DOLL MAN



And SOMETIME LATER...

YOUR HUNCH WAS RIGHT, DOLL MAN! WE FOUND PAPERS HERE OUTLINING A PLAN TO DESTROY THE HEADS OF OUR GOVERNMENT ALL OVER THE COUNTRY! AND THANKS TO YOU, THESE MADMEN HAVE BEEN STOPPED BEFORE THEY COULD DO ANY REAL DAMAGE!





# THE MAN WHO DUG HIS OWN GRAVE

**G**IMPY JONES limped furtively down the street. Dan Morgan covertly watched his approach but gave no sign of recognition. As Gimpy passed, he seemed to stumble and fall against the detective but, out of the corner of his mouth he muttered, "Tonight at ten. South gate. Idlewild Cemetery!" Then, correcting his stride, he brushed past!

To an onlooker, it might have been a casual incident. To Detective Morgan, it meant that Gimpy had information. The meeting place might seem unusual, but Gimpy had suggested it some time before and it was probably the last place anyone would expect a cop and a stoolie to meet.

"Morgan'll get more than information tonight," Gimpy grinned to himself. "I hate him! This is where I even the score!"

Gimpy was on parole. Morgan had caught him breaking into a car. But, instead of throwing the book at him, which would mean a return to prison, Morgan had held the information like a club over his head. He had forced Gimpy to become a stool pigeon!

The grapevine of the underworld had worked as usual and Gimpy was shunned by his former companions! He was an outcast, even in his own society of thieves and crooks. He had become bitter, with an all-consuming hatred for the man who held his freedom in his grasp.

"But tonight will be the end of it," he thought. "I'll be rid of Morgan for good! He'll disappear from the face of the earth, vanish into thin air, and I'll be in the clear! Without a corpse, how can there be a murder?"

He chuckled as he thought how the rumor would spread among his own kind—that Morgan was out of the way—that he was responsible! He would be re-established!

At ten, Gimpy was hiding near the gate of the cemetery, a long-handled spade in his hand. The night was foreboding and there was a slight drizzle. He shivered from the damp air and the tension.

"You here, Gimpy?" It was Morgan's voice, low and near to a whisper.

"Yeah," answered Gimpy. "I got something hot for you! Follow me!"

He led the way, as they tip-toed among the ghostly tombstones. "Follow me," he repeated. "You're in for a surprise!"

They came to the edge of a freshly-dug grave, prepared for a burial the next day. Morgan

couldn't help wondering what it was all about!

"Look down there," Gimpy said quietly. "That's the surprise I told you about!"

Morgan approached the open grave and peered down into its gloomy depths. But Gimpy's spade was ready and it came down with a CRASH onto Morgan's head. The detective fell, unconscious. Gimpy frisked him of his gun and then jumped into the deep pit.

"Success," he muttered to himself! "I'll dig down three more feet, throw in Morgan's body, finish him off with his own gun down here where the shot won't be heard, and then cover him over! In the morning, a casket will be lowered into this grave and an innocent death will cover my crime! Who'd look for a corpse under the casket of another?"

He began digging and the rain started to fall. He threw dirt high over his head—over the unconscious figure of Morgan—and the rain came down harder! Finally he judged he'd dug deeply enough. Now to get out and bring Morgan's body to its secret hiding place!

He started to climb out, bracing his feet against opposite sides of the grave! But the rain—the rain had made the dirt slippery and he couldn't get a toehold! He tried digging steps into the ground but, each time he attempted to raise himself, he slipped and slid to the bottom! He dug and climbed more feverishly, panicked by the realization that he was trapped!

Night wore on to morning and the sexton of the cemetery, coming through the gloomy fog of day, found the faintly-stirring body of Dan Morgan lying beside the newly-dug grave. He bent down to see if the man's heart was still beating. Then he worked to bring him back to consciousness.

"Wh-what happened?" gasped Morgan.

"I don't know, mister," replied the sexton. "But your friend down in this grave seems to be in bad shape!"

"Friend?" queried Morgan, groggily. "What friend?"

Then he looked down into the slimy, muddy hole. And he saw the lifeless form of Gimpy, with Morgan's own revolver clutched in his hand!

"Yeah, sure," muttered Morgan. "He was a 'friend,' all right! He was out to kill me but his big surprise back-fired! He was just a cheap crook and a would-be murderer who dug his own grave!"



**THIS IS IT!**

**THIS IS THE MAGAZINE  
THEY'RE CLAMORING FOR!**

**NUMBER  
ONE  
ON THE  
HIT  
PARADE!**

**EVERY ISSUE A  
HIT  
WITH A MILLION  
READERS  
EVERY MONTH!**

**Published  
monthly**

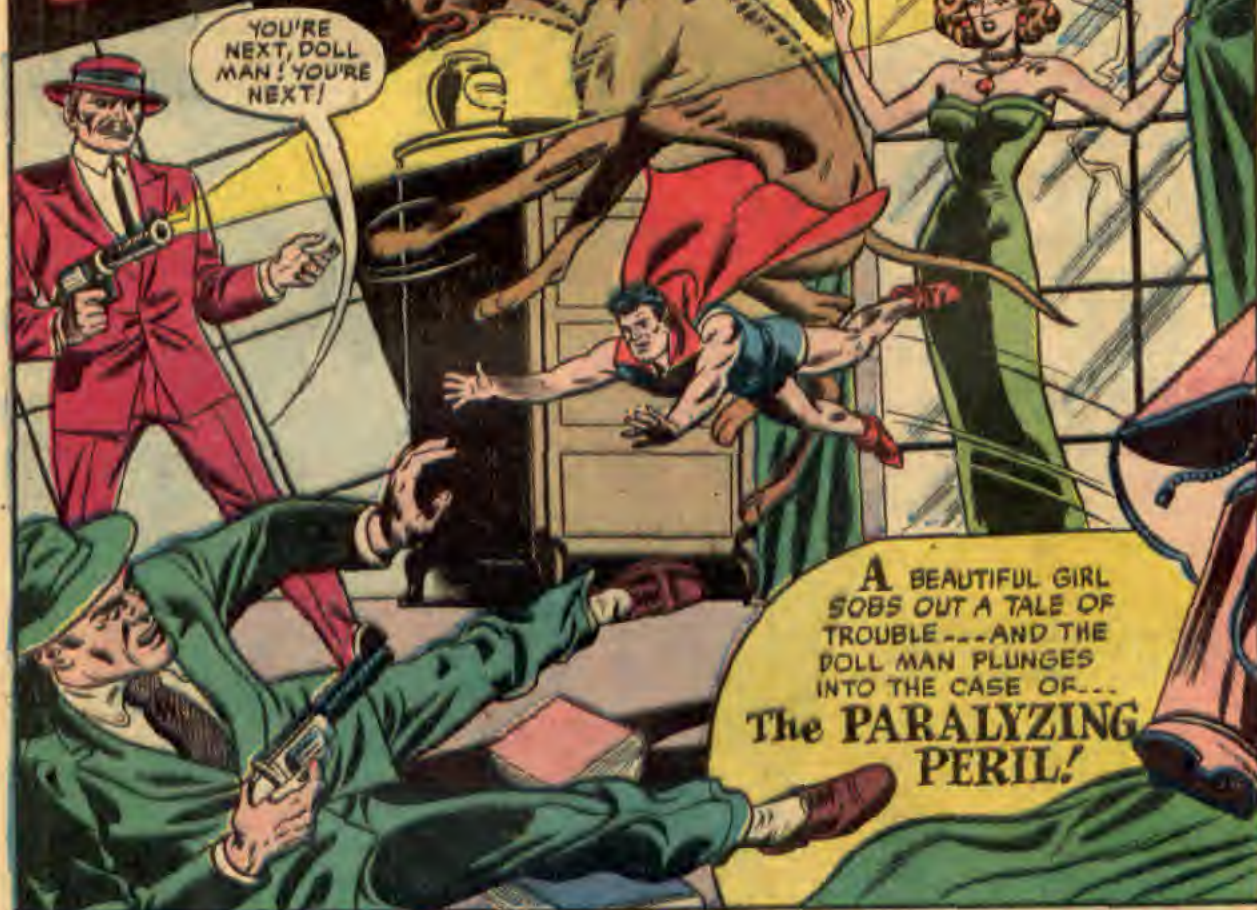


**AUGUST  
ISSUE ON SALE  
*May 25th!***

**52 PAGES OF THE GREATEST ADVENTURES  
EVER PACKED IN ONE COMIC MAGAZINE!**  
**BLACKHAWK**



# Doll Man





# DOLL MAN



I MIGHT BE ABLE TO CONTACT THE DOLL MAN FOR YOU, BUT FIRST I'D LIKE TO KNOW MORE, MISS---

MY NAME IS INGA ELQUIST! MY FATHER IS PROFESSOR ELQUIST, THE CODE EXPERT!



HMM! I DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD A DAUGHTER!

TONIGHT HE WAS THREATENED BY SOME ONE WHO WANTED CERTAIN CODE INFORMATION! MY FATHER REFUSED! I FEAR FOR HIS LIFE!



I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH THE DOLL MAN RIGHT AWAY! WAIT HERE, MISS ELQUIST! MY DOG WILL KEEP YOU COMPANY!

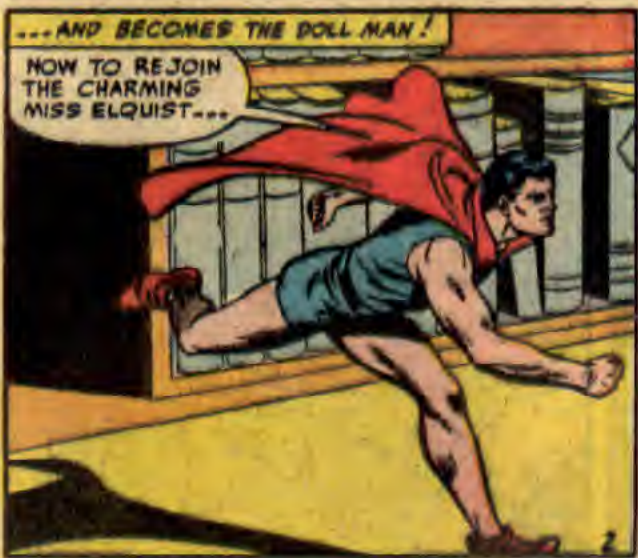
GRRR!



HMMM! I WONDER WHAT'S TROUBLING ELMO? BUT I PROMISED TO DELIVER THE DOLL MAN SO I'D BETTER CONCENTRATE ON THAT!



WITH A MIGHTY EFFORT OF WILL, DARREL DANE EXERTS HIS POWERFUL INFLUENCES OVER THE COSMIC FORCES...



...AND BECOMES THE DOLL MAN!

NOW TO REJOIN THE CHARMING MISS ELQUIST...



MEANWHILE---

SO YOU SUSPECT SOMETHING, YOU MONGREL! YOU ARE

GRRROUWL!

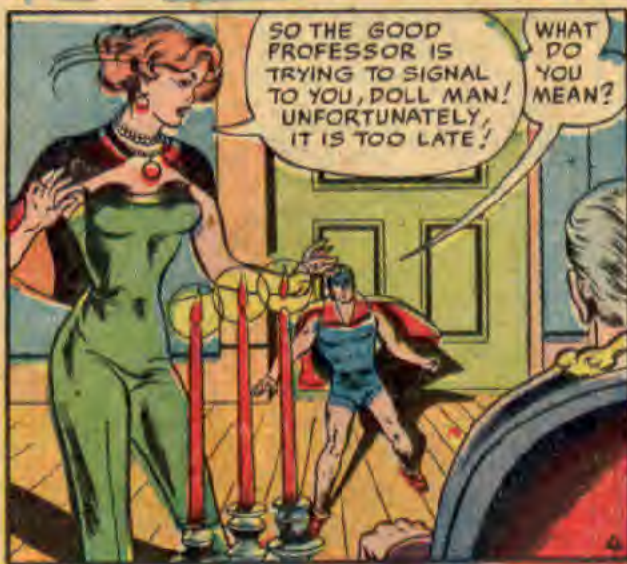
CORRECT! BUT THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT!



# DOLL MAN

















**NOW!**

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STORIES IN  
THE NEVER  
ENDING WAR  
AGAINST  
CRIME!**

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MISS  
THIS  
TERRIFIC  
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**THIS SEAL**

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# T-MAN

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# The 97 lb. Weakling

Who Became "the World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

"I'll Prove that YOU, too can be a NEW MAN!" — *Charles Atlas*

I KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs.! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

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When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, "Dynamic Tension," transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

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